812
W582un

White, Charles

~~The~~ United States Mail.

UNITED STATES MAIL.

A Farce,

IN ONE SCENE.

By CHARLES WHITE,

Author of "Uncle Eph's Dream," "Wake up, William Henry," etc., etc.

TOGETHER WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

CHICAGO
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Post Office Sam, a negro letter carrier.....MR. C. WHITE.
Mr. Wagner, a dashing young fellow in love with Lucy.....MR. WARWICK.
Mrs. Nipper, a housekeeper, mother of Lucy.....MRS. BARNETT.
Lucy, a girl of all work, in love with Wagner.....ROSE MERRIFIELD.

TIME OF PLAYING—THIRTY MINUTES.

SCENERY.

A plain chamber. Door in flat C.; common table and two chairs C.; carpet-bag on table.

COSTUMES.

POST OFFICE SAM.—Jockey cap, Yankee trousers, and fancy coat.
WAGNER.—White pants, with red patch on the right seat; light-colored dress coat, tail on right side basted on; white vest, gloves, and cane; fancy hat, bosom, and eye-glass.
LUCY.—Plain domestic dress.
MRS. NIPPER.—Old woman in reduced circumstances.

PROPERTIES.

White muslin bag, seven feet long; bowl of flour; table and two chairs; eight blank letters; one carpet-bag, any old things in it, such as calicoes or towels, papers, etc.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C, Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre; D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

☞ The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

812
W582un

UNITED STATES MAIL.

SCENE.—*A plain chamber. Door in flat* C.; *common table and two chairs* C.; *carpet-bag on table.* MRS. NIPPER *discovered at table.*

MRS. NIPPER. There, I think I shall go to the store and get me some little extras. I expect company this evening, and I have scarcely time now to fix anything for the table. (*clock strikes eight*) I declare it's eight o'clock already. I wonder where Lucy is. (*calling*) Lucy! Lucy! (*seats herself at table and empties bag, preparing to go out.*)

LUCY (*answering from outside*). Yes, mother; yes, mother, coming.

Enter LUCY, C. D.

MRS N. Oh, I'm so sorry that Mr. Wagner can't be with us this evening, he's such a nice lively fellow.

LUCY. Oh, yes, mother, he's a splendid young man, and he promised to write me and inform me when he would come down. But even if he should write, there is no knowing when a body would get the letter, as there is no regularity with the carriers now they are all such a stupid set of black apes.

MRS. N. Now, Lucy, go down stairs, see to things, and mind that all is prepared; and if any of the music comes, keep them playing outside, as it will prove very attractive, and make people talk about it.

[*Exit,* D. F.

LUCY (*moving about lively*). Yes, marm, I'll go at once, and (*talking to audience*) if my dear Wagner should only happen to come, I wouldn't care if all the rest of the company would starve to death. (*sings a song*) Now if I could only send a letter to my dear Wagner, and get an answer in time. I am sure I should feel a great deal easier than I do now. Ah, me! it seems strange he didn't let me know before this, and here I've been waiting and waiting this live long day, anxiously expecting a letter. However, I won't give up yet, for who knows but one of them stupid black letter carriers might appear the next moment. (*seats herself at table, sewing and singing. Knocking heard outside.*)

POST OFFICE SAM (*outside*). Hallo, hallo, there! I say, missus, open de door—open de door.

LUCY (*stopping work and looking at door*). Who's there?

SAM. It's me—it's me.

LUCY. Well, who is me?

SAM. Why, it's me de Post Office.

LUCY. I wonder who it is. I'll go and see. (*she opens door and retires to* L. *corner of stage, not noticing* SAM.)

SAM (*entering*). I, golly! what a nice young lady.

Gen.res. 15 Nov 44 Franklin

U. C. ILL. LIB.

LUCY (*turning around and noticing* SAM). Well, sir, what do you want?

SAM. I'se got a letter for you, missus.

LUCY (*overjoyed*). A letter for me?

SAM. Yes, missus—yes, indeed.

LUCY Oh, thanks. (*aside*) From my dear Wagner.

SAM. No, missus, I didn't bring it in a wagon.

LUCY. Well, sir, give me the letter.

SAM (*getting down on his knees to look for the letter*). Yes, missus; hold on till I find 'em. I, golly! now if dat lady couldn't read, wouldn't I be in a nice fix.

LUCY (*very impatient—aside*). Dear me, I don't believe the fellow can read. (*aloud*) Why, sir, you are opening those letters. Don't you know you have no right to do that?

SAM. Oh, yes, missus—I always do dat, kase dat's de way I get de postage.

LUCY. What kept you so long? The mails can't be very regular.

SAM. Yes, missus, de mails am very unregular. Some ob 'em stays out all night.

LUCY. Dear me, I'm quite out of patience. Haven't you found my letter yet?

SAM (*aside*). Well, I can't tell toder from which. I'll mix 'em all up togeder and let her pick; one is just as good as de toder, kase dar ain't noffin' in any ob 'em. (*he gets up, presents whole bundle—she picks one out.*)

LUCY. This is my letter, you stupid goose.

SAM. I, golly! dat was bery lucky she pick out de right one. I jes' listen and see what's goin' on; ma'by I have a chance to make something.

LUCY (*reads letter*, SAM *listening*). "Dear Lucy—You may expect me under your window this evening at half past eleven, with a party of friends, to give you, as the darkeys say, a grand salmanade."

SAM (*aside*). Yes, an' I'll be dar to slam 'em in de head wid a large brick.

LUCY (*reads*). "Lucy, be careful and wrap yourself up warm, and not expose your delicate form to the rude blasts and circumserucious effects of the night air. Yours in haste, WAGNER." (*she fold up letter, places it in her pocket or bosom, and turns and speaks to* SAM) Well, sir, you can go.

SAM. Yes, ma'm. You mean go out?

LUCY. Yes, sir; right out the way you came in.

SAM. Yes—right out de same door, den turn and——

LUCY. Yes, sir—yes, sir—that's the way.

SAM. Well, I ain't going.

LUCY. What, sir? (SAM *holds out his hand*) What do you mean by that, sir?

SAM. Come, come, missus; don't be so ign'amous. You know what I mean. I want de postage.

LUCY. Oh! ah, yes, the postage. How much is it, sir?

SAM. Free shilling, ma'm.

LUCY. La me! three shillings! Why, how far did you bring it?

SAM. Oh, I brought it furder dan dat.

LUCY. You impudent scoundrel, I shan't pay you a cent.

SAM. What! you want to rob de mail. (*noise outside representing a band of music talking, tuning, etc., or just about beginning to play.* SAM *and* LUCY *in great fright for fear of being discovered.*)

LUCY. Dear me, what shall I do? Oh, my! to be discovered here with this horrid black man! I shall be ruined.

SAM (*frightened*). Who's dat, missus?

LUCY. That's a party of my friends, and if they catch you here they will murder you.

SAM. What, murder de United States mail?

LUCY. Oh, you black rascal, why didn't you go out when I told you?

SAM. Kase, missus, I'se like a candle—I neber go out till I'm put out, blow'd out, or burnt out.

LUCY. Be quiet, you black devil. I have it.

SAM. Well, I'm glad ob it—I've waited long enough.

LUCY (*bringing a long white bag*). Here, you black rascal, get in this.

SAM. What's dat?

LUCY. Why, that's a bag, and I want you to get in it.

SAM. Me get in dat bag—what, me? I, golly, missus, you can't bag me. No, no; indeed you ain't a-going to spoil my nice clothes, no how,

LUCY. Now do, Mr. Post Office—do let me persuade you.

SAM. Missus, I'll get in dat bag on one 'sideration.

LUCY. Well, what's that?

SAM. Why, if you gib me something to eat and pays me de postage I'll get in de bag.

LUCY. Very well, very well—I'll do anything.

SAM (*aside*). Now, who knows but I might make something by dis. Dar's one thing certain—if I do get in dat bag I'll have a chance to find out who her beau is. Besides, I'll just lay my cap down dar, and when he comes in he'll be jealous ob course, and dat will make a muss between 'em. (*noise of music outside.*)

LUCY. Come, come, sir, hurry.

SAM. Hold de bag open. (*she holds the bag—he tries to get in. She goes to the door, and on her return finds he is not in the bag.*)

LUCY. Oh, you stupid fool, you are not in the bag. (*she takes the bag and gives him a push*) Here, sir, be quick, hurry. Oh dear. (*great scrabbling with the bag—he tries to get in.*)

SAM. Hold de bag open, missus. Dar, I got one leg in. I say, missus, put my coat-tail in. Dar, dat's right.

LUCY. There, now remain quiet, that's a good fellow. (*she tries to shove his head down in the bag, and he works it out again, which business is repeated three or four times*) There, that was a lucky idea of mine, and now, if he remains quiet, all will be right. (*music plays some waltz or polka from the wing.*)

Enter WAGNER, D. F.

WAGNER. There, gentlemen, that will do; you can retire now, and I will settle with you in the morning. Ah, my dear Lucy, I am glad to see you.

LUCY. What detained you so long? I began to think you was not coming.

WAGNER. Well, I had some little business with a friend of mine, and talked a little over my time. But why didn't you open the door on my arrival?

LUCY. I was arranging my toilet.

WAGNER (*aside*). Toilet?

LUCY (*aside*). Now for a little quarrel. (*aloud*) Look here, I've got a bone to pick with you.

WAGNER (*astonished*). A bone to pick with me?

LUCY. Yes, a bone to pick with you.

WAGNER. Well, I'm glad of it, I feel very hungry. Is it a ham bone, or a bone of a turkey?

LUCY. Oh, you need not joke about the matter. I want to know who that lady was I saw you promenading with, last Friday afternoon.

WAGNER. Me—me, Lucy?

LUCY. Yes, sir—you.

WAGNER. What day was it?

LUCY. Last Friday afternoon.

WAGNER. Now, Lucy, I know you must be mistaken, for last Friday I went a-fishing.

LUCY. I've no doubt of it, sir.

WAGNER. Look here, Lucy—since it comes to that, I've got a bone to pick with you too.

LUCY. Well, sir, what have you got to say about me?

SAM. Dat's right -gib her fits. It sarbs her right for not paying me for de letter. I, golly, I wouldn't care if he was to kill her.

WAGNER. I should like you to inform me who that nice-looking tall gentleman was that I saw you get out of an omnibus with yesterday; and after seeing you to the sidewalk, you took his arm very handsomely; then you both strutted gracefully together up Broadway. Ha, ha! how is that Lucy, eh? (*aside*) I think that will settle her hash.

LUCY. You mean that tall gentleman?

WAGNER. Yes, I mean that tall gentleman.

SAM (*aside, raising the bag as high as possible*). Oh, that must have been me.

LUCY. Now, dear Wagner, don't be angry, and I'll tell you the truth.

WAGNER (*in a pretended passion*). Well, then, out with it, for I want to know my rival.

LUCY. That was Mr. Banks, my French dancing-master.

WAGNER. Mr. Banks, eh? -your French dancing-master—hem!

SAM (*aside*). He'll get Banks down de banks, I tink.

WAGNER. Your French dancing-master, was it? Then you've been practicing dancing, have you?

LUCY. Oh, yes; and I'm improving remarkably.

WAGNER. Well, Lucy, I should like you to show me some steps in dancing, as I am quite a novice in that fashionable exercise.

LUCY. Well, I have no objection. What style of dancing do you most admire.

WAGNER. Do you know anything about the schottishe, fancy style, or kauchowker?

SAM. My gracious, he wants her to dance till it chokes her.

LUCY. Oh, yes. I can dance most anything in that line.

WAGNER. Well, I ain't particular—most anything will suit. (LUCY *dances—orchestra plays the trial dance in* "La Bayadere," *the first part twice over.*)

WAGNER (*stops her by calling aloud*). Hold up! hold up! That kind of dancing don't exactly suit my taste. I admire something in the Old Virginia line.

SAM (*aside*). I hope dey won't play dat; kase if dey does, I neber can keep still. and dat will spoil eberyting.

LUCY. Well, I can dance that too.

Orchestra plays a negro jig or reel. WAGNER *looks on delighted through a quizzing-glass.* SAM *begins to dance in the bag.* WAGNER *startled at this affair.* LUCY *pretending to be amazed.* SAM *trembles in the bag.*

WAGNER (*enraged*). What's that, Lucy—what's that?

LUCY (*confounded and stammering*). Th--th—th—tha—that's a bag of taters, my dear.

WAGNER (*seeming to know the joke*). A what?—what did you say?

LUCY. A bag of taters.

WAGNER (*approaches the bag on tiptoe, and lays both hand on top*). A bag of taters! I say, Lucy, if you call this a bag of taters, I'll be hanged if that ain't the biggest tater I ever saw. It's no matter, though; go on with the dance. I'll keep my eye on the taters. (LUCY *dances the same tune again.* SAM *dances as before.*)

WAGNER (*cries aloud*). Stop! stop! Hold up! hold up! I say. Now, look here, Lucy—I have no objection to your dancing, and have no objection to dancing with you; but I don't want that confounded bag of taters to join in the chorus. (*he goes to bag and turns it topsy-turvy—* LUCY *entreats him to withhold, but all to no effect*) I'll just see if I can't peel these taters. (*he takes hold of the bag by the feet and tries to get it off.*)

POST OFFICE SAM *discovered. Picture—all three.*

WAGNER. Lucy, this must be a Carolina potato.

SAM. I'm a damaged tater. (*bus.*) Pull it off—pull it off. Here's a nice mess for de Post Office. (WAGNER *pulls off bag and keeps it*) De mail's upset, ah! ah! Dey seen who I was, an' got skeered. Now, let me see, (*looking at watch*) I've just got time to 'liver dem oder letters. But afore I go I'll jes' hide away, an' den when dey go away I'll steal all de spoons, an' dat will jes' pay me for de postage an' de trouble. (*gets up on tiptoe—discovers* WAGNER, *who throws the bag at him. Sham fight. Finally they shake hands in the midst of the bustle.*)

WAGNER. Who are you?

SAM. Who is you?

WAGNER. I'm—I'm——

SAM. So be I.

WAGNER. What's your name?

SAM. My name is——

WAGNER. Come, sir, out with it.

SAM. No, sir, dat ain't my name.

WAGNER. Well, what the devil do you want here?

SAM. What de debil does you want here?

LUCY. Now don't be angry, my dear, and I'll explain it all.

SAM (*aside*). I, golly, I'se got de bag, an' I'se gwine to keep it. Now, if I could only get out ob de house wid it. (*rolls up the bag and stuffs it up the back of his coat.*)

LUCY. You see, according to your letter, you promised to give me a nice serenade. Well, this fellow delivered me the letter, and as I had no ch nge to pay the postage, he refused to leave the house. Consequently, hearing the company at the door, I thought myself in rather a peculiar predicament, and was so confused that I hardly knew what to do; and to save all further trouble, I insisted on his getting into that bag, and remaining perfectly quiet until a good opportunity offered for his escape.

SAM. Dat's a fac', massa—dat's a fac'.

WAGNER. Well, Lucy, I believe you; and since the thing is so clearly explained, I'll forget it all. I say, you black devil, there's my hand. (*they shake hands.*)

SAM. Oh, yes, I handle more dirt dan dat ebery day.

WAGNER. What do you mean by that, sir, eh?

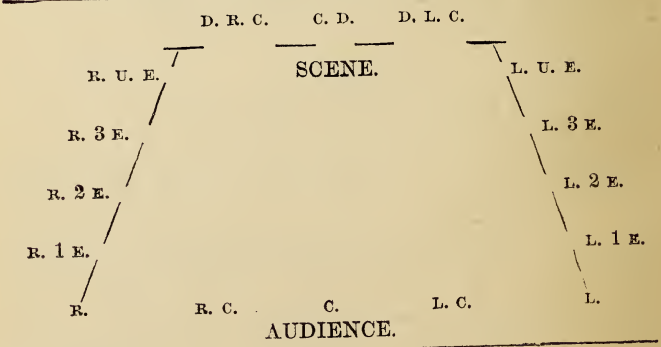
SAM. Oh, nuffin', nuffin'.
WAGNER. I say, what's that large lump on your shoulder, there?
SAM. Don't—don't—don't trouble dat.
LUCY. La, me, what is it?
SAM. Why, dat's a corn.
LUCY *and* WAGNER (*both astonished*). My gracious! what a place for a corn.
WAGNER. Look here, Lucy—suppose we make it all right again, and have a little dance just to ourselves, right here, before we admit the company. What say you, eh?—and you, you picture of ebony, wouldn't you like to dance too?
SAM. Oh, yes, I'll dance if missus dar will dance wid me fust. (LUCY *bows consent.*)

All arrange to dance a straight reel—all reel off, and in beginning to dance LUCY *turns and dances to* WAGNER. SAM *puts his head in between them to ask an explanation, when* WAGNER *pushes him away.* SAM *pantomimes vengeance, and goes to the table, gets a handful of flour, throws it in the face of* LUCY, *who screams and faints.* WAGNER *tries to save her from falling—she backs up the stage holding on to* WAGNER'S *collar.* WAGNER'S *back is to the audience—*SAM *seizes him by the coat-tails and jerks one off, which discovers a large peculiar red patch.* SAM *laughs heartily, pointing at the same time at* WAGNER, *who is in a great flurry with* LUCY, *etc.*

CURTAIN.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



C.	Centre.	L.	Left.
R.	Right.	L. C.	Left Centre.
R. C.	Right Centre.	L. 1 E.	Left First Entrance.
R. 1 E.	Right First Entrance.	L. 2 E.	Left Second Entrance.
R. 2 E.	Right Second Entrance.	L. 3 E.	Left Third Entrance.
R. 3 E.	Right Third Entrance.	L. U. E.	Left Upper Entrance.
R. U. E.	Right Upper Entrance.	C. D.	Centre Door.
D. R. C.	Door Right Centre.	D. L. C.	Door Left Centre.

HAGEMAN'S MAKE-UP BOOK.

By MAURICE HAGEMAN.

Author of "What Became of Parker," "Prof. Robinson," "Hector," "Mrs Mulcahy," "The First Kiss," "By Telephone," "To Rent," etc.

Price, 25 cents.

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopædia of the art of making up. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the *best make-up book* ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor.

CONTENTS.

Chapter I. **General Remarks.**

Chapter II. **Grease-Paints, their origin, components and use.**

Chapter III. **The Make-up Box.** Grease-Paints, Mirrors, Face Powder and Puff, Exora Cream, Rouge, Liquid Color, Grenadine, Blue for the Eyelids, Brilliantine for the Hair, Nose Putty, Wig Paste, Mascaro, Crape Hair, Spirit Gum, Scissors, Artists' Stomps, Cold Cream, Cocoa Butter, Recipes for Cold Cream.

Chapter IV. **Preliminaries before Making up; the Straight Make-up and how to remove it.**

Chapter V. **Remarks to Ladies.** Liquid Creams, Rouge, Lips, Eyebrows, Eyelashes, Character Roles, Jewelry, Removing Make-up.

Chapter VI. **Juveniles.** Straight Juvenile Make-up, Society Men, Young Men in Ill Health, with Red Wigs, Rococo Make-up, Hands, Wrists, Cheeks, etc.

Chapter VII. **Adults, Middle Aged, and Old Men.** Ordinary Type of Manhood, Lining Colors, Wrinkles, Rouge, Sickly and Healthy Old Age, Ruddy Complexions.

Chapter VIII. **Comedy and Character Make-ups.** Comedy Effects, Wigs, Beards, Eyebrows, Noses, Lips, Pallor of Death.

Chapter IX. **The Human Features.** The Mouth and Lips, the Eyes and Eyelids, the Nose, the Chin, the Ear, the Teeth.

Chapter X. **Other Exposed Parts of the Human Anatomy.**

Chapter XI. **Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Eyebrows.** Choosing a Wig, Powdering the Hair, Dimensions for Wigs, Wig Bands, Bald Wigs, Ladies' Wigs, Beards on Wire, on Gauze, Crape Hair, Wool, Beards for Tramps, Moustaches, Eyebrows.

Chapter XII. **Distinctive and Traditional Characteristics.** North American Indians, New England Farmers, Hoosiers, Southerners, Politicians, Cowboys, Miners, Quakers, Tramps, Creoles, Mulatoes, Quadroons, Octoroons, Negroes, Soldiers during War, Soldiers during Peace, Scouts, Pathfinders, Puritans, Early Dutch Settlers, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, South Americans, Scandinavians, Germans, Hollanders, Hungarians, Gipsies, Russians, Turks, Arabs, Moors, Caffirs, Abyssinians, Hindoos, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, Clowns and Statuary, Hebrews, Drunkards, Lunatics, Idiots, Misers, Rogues.

Address Orders to

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

PLAYS.

BEING the largest theatrical booksellers in the United States, we keep in stock the most complete and best assorted lines of plays and entertainment books to be found in this country.

We can supply any play or book published. We have issued a 144-page catalogue of the best 1500 plays and entertainment books published in the U. S. and England. It contains a full description of each play, giving number of characters, time of playing, scenery, costumes, etc. This catalogue will be sent free on application.

The plays described are suitable for amateurs and professionals, and nearly all of them may be performed free of royalty. Persons interested in dramatic books should examine our catalogue before ordering elsewhere.

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

CHICAGO.

812
W582un

15 CENTS

THE DARKEY & COMIC DRAMA

United States Mail

Chicago.
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING CO.